The New Woman in North Carolina.

By BILL NYE.

The Posthumus Assets of Old Man Wilkins.

By "Dan" Quinn.

Arden P. O., Henderson Co.,
This State, Jan. 18, 1896.

Where Ellias Sundayed in town last Tuesday.

Colonel Bill Cleero will take up the Turkey Tall School again next month. His vacation in January was due to the helish work of our overzealous Grand Jury.

Why cause a scandal about a mule, any how?

Some days ago I wrote to a neighboring editor, who writes over the pseudonym of Oile K. Sor, and asked him if he would be the colone in the state of the post that the state of the s

mosses, they sales at a heap of things that a little stresson nothin, she jest feels, an 'mighty freeson nothin, she jest feels, an 'mighty feels, an 'mighty feels, an 'mighty freeson nothin, she jest feels, an 'mighty free, an 'the trouble would set in mighty free, an 'the freehold on the stresson of the solution of the stresson of the solution of the common of the stresson of the solution of the course, thinking of the command who has are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command who has are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command who has are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command who has are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command who has are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command who has are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command who has the world be course, thinking of the command who has the set of the solute seed, thinking of the command who has the world been plath. Enright; all, of course, thinking of the command who has the will into the course, thinking of the command who has the will into the course, thinking of the command who has the sufflet the ranks forever, if is the same. Every one at some time in life, the ranks forever, if is the same. Every one at some time in life, any plant in the time start something in sympathy with him start something in sympathy with lits beating. If one has ever heard it may with its beating in the stress, any with you, are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command the world have been beats, when he command are muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command the stress, and if the stress, and the world here of the world have a same muffled and men march with arms reversed, thinking of the command the st

The funeral you bet is right. We have just got in a preacher, this time belongin' to some deep-water outift over in Tucson. He somehow gets strayed, an' happens along our way square on the call; an' he jumps in an' gives them ceremonies a scientific whirl as aint possible nohow to amateurs. All 'round we couldn't put on more dog if we'd been platin' Enright; all, of course, on the little girl's account. Next day the one at some time in life has felt they were parting.

"I can't tell you why. We have just got to go, that's all, for the Colonel's got the orders, so you see I can't stay with you. Sl-ana," as if to give to her the comfort of knowing that it was not his wish that they were parting.

"No! no! no!" replied the girl, as if even

The Rolling

of the Drum.

By BUCKEY O'NEIL.

the blood to coursing through the veins march.

In its music there is something that sweeps away the sluggishness of life and gives instead a feeling that is akin to the drunkenness of wine. No matter whether "Why must you fight?"

leave here to fight. In the land where we come from is war, and the men whom you



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THERE is that about the sounding all had been excitement and stir. All of the drum that is unlike any other music in the world.

of the drum that is unlike any of the drum that is unlike any other music in the world. How it sets the heart to throbbing and moving about as if preparing for a long

as it falls upon the ear. What scenes has "Don't you understand, Si-ana?" said the lts beating been the prelude to, and what sights have men seen within the sound of "We are going to war. We are going to

from Tombstone, an' can do it, too, i must be the metal kettle drums, glittering as began to sway back and forth, which ouched the boy more than anything she had said. He had seen the swaying to and fro only among the Indian women when mourning for their dead.

A sergeant, with a squad of men, approached, and applied a torch to the dry tule roof, which in an instant blazed with

"And this burning means that none of you will ever come back." For the first time her voice trembled and her eyes filled with tears. "Let me go with you, no matter if I die to-morrow! Let me go with you until I drop! No one will know it, no one will see it!"

'I can't, Si-ana. You must stay here. You will be all right with your own people."